

SPECIAL ENLARGED BEAUTY NUMBER TO-DAY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[20 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE £500 WINNER: FIRST PRIZE IN OUR BEAUTY CONTEST

£. £. 292 £



Miss Miriam J. Sabbage, of Norwood, is the leading prizewinner in the beauty competition organised by *The Daily Mirror* for war workers. The verdict is the result of the considered judgment of such well-known artists as Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., Mr.

Charles Sims, R.A., Major Richard Jack, A.R.A., Miss Anna Airy, R.I., together with Mr. Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A., the sculptor. Miss Sabbage was a V.A.D. nurse and a bank clerk throughout the war.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)

THE TWIN SECRETS of BEAUTY.

Care of Your Skin and Your Hair.

See NEW OXYGEN TREATMENT.

YOU cannot alter your features, but you can actually make yourself beautiful by proper, thoughtful care of your skin and your hair. The new oxygen treatment supplied through the medium of the Ven-Yusa preparations has made possible many things that were not even dreamt of before.

A beautiful skin and thick, glossy hair are prizes now brought within the reach of our fair readers. Ven-Yusa is a unique preparation which embodies the principle of

Special portrait study of Miss Gladys Cooper, the famous beauty and actress, finishing her toilet with Ven-Yusa.



imparting beauty and health by the aid of oxygen conveyed in a handy form to the skin and to the hair roots. Oxygen is the vitalising element in the air around us. Ven-Yusa brings the boon of this complexion-clearing oxygen in a compact, handy form right to the dressing-table.

In the choice of a face cream we want something which is so refined that the skin readily absorbs it, enabling it to clear the whole tissue at once, and thus induce a natural beauty of complexion. We also want something that is greaseless and not sticky. Nothing is more objectionable than the so-called vanishing creams that, directly you indulge in exercise exude from the pores and leave the surface of the skin clammy, greasy and uncomfortable.

Miss Beatrice Sinclair, the famous beauty known as "The English Venus," states that she has met with only one face preparation to which these objections do not apply. It is the Ven-Yusa Crème de Luxe.

Ven-Yusa is prepared from far purer, more expensive and more refined ingredients and by costlier methods than obtain in the production of any "old style" toilet creams. Ven-Yusa is the

Acme of Refinement and Novelty.

In addition, Ven-Yusa is exquisitely but delicately perfumed. There is no wonder that immediately on its introduction this novel oxygen cream captured the hearts of the leading beautiful women of our day.

To complete the beauty treatment the proprietors of Ven-Yusa found it necessary to supply something which would preserve and beautify the hair. *The Ven-Yusa Wet Shampoo Powders*, which are the result of much study and in which only the finest materials have been used, add lustre and life to the hair. Another feature of the Ven-Yusa Shampoo is that for a considerable time after a Shampoo the hair retains the antiseptic properties of Ven-Yusa, and thus remains free from the risk of infection.

There is nothing more refreshing and more health-giving than a Ven-Yusa Shampoo. It keeps the hair sweet and clean, and the scalp free from scurf and in a thoroughly healthy state.

The Ven-Yusa Oxygen Face Cream and Shampoo Powders are the Twin Secrets of Beauty, and justify a thorough trial by all ranks of Society.

VEN-YUSA
Face Cream & Shampoo Powders

C The Ven-Yusa Preparations, are sold by all Chemists, General Stores, Hair-dressers and Perfumers. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, the Proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, will be pleased to send the Ven-Yusa preparations direct by return post without any additional charge for postage. Prices—Ven-Yusa Face Cream, 1s. per Pot. Ven-Yusa Shampoo Powders, 3d. per Powder, or 1s. 6d. per packet of seven powders.

THE WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE OF £100—ANOTHER LONDON BEAUTY.



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Two studio portraits of Miss Gladys M. Marsh. She was a clerk in Aircraft Production Department of the Air Ministry.



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Waving farewell. Miss Marsh is seen with Miss Sabbage, winner of the first prize.

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Miss Marsh. She lives at Hampstead.

Two studies of Miss Marsh yachting. She describes herself as an "out-of-doors" person. All photographs on this page are *Daily Mirror* copyrights.

V.A.D. WINS "THE DAILY MIRROR'S" £1,000 BEAUTY COMPETITION

First Prize of £500 for London Girl.

IDEAL TYPE OF BEAUTY.

Winner Worked Daily for Three Years in City Bank.

The *Daily Mirror* announces today the result of the £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers.

The first prizewinner—Miss Miriam Sabbage—is an ideal type of English beauty. Throughout the war she has been engaged for six days a week in a City bank, doing the work of men who have answered their country's call, while every Sunday she worked as a V.A.D. at Princess Christian's Hospital.

It is beyond doubt that the effort to find the most beautiful woman war-worker in Great Britain has aroused greater interest than any other Beauty Competition in the history of this country.

This is evidenced by the fact that there were over 50,000 photographs submitted to *The Daily Mirror*, and during the last weeks of the Competition the rush of entries be-



Major R. Jack. Mr. S. J. Solomon.
Two of the beauty judges.

came so great that it was found necessary to close the lists immediately.

The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* to find the most beautiful war-worker was divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus:

First prize	£500
Second prize	100
Third prize	50
Fourth prize	25
Twenty prizes each of	10
Twenty-five prizes each of	5

The four principal prizewinners will also enjoy a week's free holiday in France, provided by *The Daily Mirror*, the journey to Paris and back to be made by the newest peace method of travel—an aero-pullman.

Mr. G. Holt Thomas, a pioneer of flying, has kindly undertaken to place all facilities at the disposal of *The Daily Mirror's* four Queens of Beauty for their holiday as soon as his aerial cross-Channel service is an established fact.

The judging has been in the best possible hands, for the committee was composed of well-known artists, Royal Academy painters, a noted painter of miniatures, one of our leading sculptors and one famous stage beauty.

There were many difficulties in the organisation of such a great Beauty Competition, with its 50,000 entrants.

Obviously 50,000 competitors could not be brought together and seen by the judges.

Therefore *The Daily Mirror* determined after the elimination of the "possibles" and the "probables" from among the mass of photographs received to bring the probable prizewinners personally before the Committee of Judges.

By this action it may be claimed that the competition has been organised throughout on lines of scrupulous fairness.

As an incentive to photographers to produce their best work *The Daily Mirror* awarded three special cash prizes to the photographers of the chief successful competitors. (See page 17.)

All British girls and women war workers, either at home or abroad, whether in uniform or civilian dress, were eligible.

The competition has proved that there are, in this little island of ours, women as beautiful as those immortalised by the greatest painters in the world, and by the famous statues in the museums of Europe.

THE FOUR LOVELIEST WOMEN WAR WORKERS

The following are the four leading prizewinners in our £1,000 Beauty Competition:

First Prizewinner—£500.

MISS MIRIAM J. SABBAGE, of Norwood, London

V.A.D. and bank clerk. Three years at the head office of a leading London bank, where she was frequently working for months at a time up to eight, nine and ten o'clock each evening. Gave up all her Sundays to military hospital work. Age twenty-one years.

Second Prizewinner—£100.

MISS GLADYS M. MARSH, of Hampstead, London

Was employed as a clerk in the Aircraft Production Department of the Air Ministry. Age twenty years.

Third Prizewinner—£50.

MISS SYBIL WISE, of Forest Hill, London

Is a voluntary canteen worker at the Eagle Hut, Strand, London. Age seventeen years.

Fourth Prizewinner—£25.

MISS G. CECIL STOCK, of Sandwich, Kent

Is a V.A.D. worker at the Military Hospital. Previously worked at the Ministry of Munitions. Age twenty years.

These four winners are also entitled to the week's free holiday in France. Names and addresses of the forty-five other prizewinners will be found on page 17.

[A special article by the First Prizewinner will be found on page 9.]

PRIZEWINNERS WHO LOVE OPEN AIR.

Mothers Who Sent in Daughters' Photographs.

INTERESTING INTERVIEWS

Below we print interviews with the second, third and fourth prizewinners in our £1,000 Beauty Competition, and an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sabbage, the parents of the first prizewinner.

Many interesting details will be gleaned from these interviews, notably the love of open-air life which is shared by all these lovely women war-workers.

It will also be noted that the mothers of two of the winners sent in photographs of their daughters without knowledge of the latter.

MISS GLADYS MARSH, Second Prizewinner.

"I am a very 'out-of-doors' person, although I have worked in a Government office for nine hours a day," said Miss Marsh, to *The Daily Mirror*.

"During every spare moment from my work, I used to go on top of buses, 'here and back,' wherever 'there' happened to be just to get fresh air into my lungs."

"And I'm afraid I must confess to many happy hours before the petrol shortage, riding about the country on the 'flapper-back' (otherwise called the luggage-rest) of a motor-bike."

"At school at Margate I loved hockey, basketball, and, best of all, swimming. If I could go in three times a day I was really happy."

"But I'm afraid I always was a tomboy. I went to a little boys' school when I was four

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Mr. B. Mackennal. Miss Airy.
Two of the beauty judges.

years old, because I wouldn't be parted from my brother."

"It used to irritate me fearfully at that early age to be called a 'lovely mite,' so I persuaded my brother to cut all my curls off."

"All the same, on the day my mother took me to see the school, when told to say 'How d'you do?' to the little boys, I solemnly went round and kissed them all!"

"I was quite surprised when told this 'wasn't done'."

"Despite the fact that I took prizes for high jumping and gymnastics, I wanted to be an artist, but war was declared, and my brother joined up in August, 1914, so I had to put it out of my mind."

"I found it rather difficult to get war work without leaving home. I learnt motor driving."

"At last I got on the Pay Department of Air

craft Production, and worked at Imperial

House, Kingsway. I liked the work very much indeed."

"You will be amused to hear that I flatly refused to go in for *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition."

"Imagine, then, my surprise when I saw a reproduction in your paper of a photograph which my mother had sent in without my knowing anything about it."

MISS SYBIL WISE, Third Prizewinner.

"Even when only fifteen I longed to do war work," said Miss Wise to *The Daily Mirror*.

"On my sixteenth birthday I received permission to become a voluntary waitress at the Eagle Hut where I have worked in five-hours shifts ever since. My mother works with me in the hut always."

"My first day was a dreadful one, as I was overcome with shyness. And my very first customers were Japanese sailors in the American Navy who could not speak English!"

"All they could say was 'How are you? How do you? Good morning,' and this they repeated all through the meal with broad smiles to show that they wanted another course or salt or bread equally."

"Winning a prize in your great competition is the biggest event in my seventeenth year of life. It seems like a lovely dream."

"I am a real Cockney, born and bred in South-East London, but—or perhaps because—I adore all birds and bees' and flowers and have taught myself to know their ways."

"To succeed on the stage has always been my ambition. I began to act in films when I was only thirteen, and at fourteen started serious training for the stage."

MISS CECIL STOCK, Fourth Prizewinner.

"I really don't see what I can talk about," said Miss Stock, laughingly, to *The Daily Mirror*.

"Perhaps I can tell you a little about my war work. First of all, I was at the Ministry of Munitions for several months, but later had a long spell hospital work."

"Eventually my wish was gratified and I became a V.A.D. (General Service Section) at a military hospital in Sandwich."

"My work was of a clerical kind dealing with records and the patients' post. I found it very interesting and am still engaged on it."

PARENTS' TRIBUTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabbage.

A *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday visited the parents of the winning beauty, Miss Miriam Sabbage, in their pretty home near the Crystal Palace.

"One day, turning over a drawer of oddments, I came across a cutting of fourteen or more years ago, when Miriam was a child's beauty competition," said Mrs. Sabbage.

"I had been watching the portraits of young beauties with deep interest, and it occurred to me that my Miriam was a 'possibility.'

"I sent it, and until Miriam saw it, to her amazement, printed in *The Daily Mirror* she had no idea of what I had done."

Miss Sabbage then took up the tale.

"My girl is like her daddy, I fancy—rather reserved—and until last night she never mentioned that she was actually first in the 50,000. She just said she was 'one of the winners.'

"I can't help feeling proud, and she isn't the sort of girl to which a speech like this would fit."

"Her work has been really hard work. I could not have stuck to it like that myself, but she's a good girl and has character."

"She came home from her bank work day after day at 10.30 at night for months."

"Beautiful Features and Exquisite Colouring."

UNANIMOUS DECISION.

What Judges Most Admired in Winning Competitors.

The most gratifying feature of the competition to *The Daily Mirror* is the unanimity with which the committee of judges arrived at their final decision as to the winner of the first prize.

How difficult the selection of the other winners proved will be gathered from the reports of the committee of distinguished experts given below:

The committee, who had an absolutely free hand in their delicate task, were:

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., A.R.A., R.W.S.

Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.

Miss Anna Airy, R.I.

Miss Gladys Cooper, the beautiful English actress.

Though Major Jack was not present at the final selection, he was able to judge the "probables" from photographs while on leave from France a month or so ago.

WHAT THE JUDGES SAY.

"Standard Very High, Making Selection Very Difficult in Many Cases."

We give below extracts from the judges' reports:

From Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

Personally I regret there was not more than one first prize where there were so many types of beautiful English women, but the general

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agreement among the judges relieves one of any anxiety as to the justice of the awards.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

From Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., R.W.S.

A satisfying competition. Complete unanimity as to the first prizewinner. This lady's beauty is hardly done justice to in a single photograph.

Some faces offer but one beautiful view, a single view more lovely than any single view of a lovelier person who is equally beautiful from points of view. It is just such an even balance of qualities that gives the first prizewinner her superiority over the other competitors. CHARLES SIMS.

From Miss Doris Jack, daughter of Major

R. H. Jack, A.R.A.

I had never realised before how difficult a matter it is to choose a few from so many lovely women, each equally attractive in her own way.

After due consideration and personal conversation by the judging committee, I feel sure the majority of the judges were delighted and a difficult problem solved.—DORIS JACK.

Owing to his duties in France, Major Jack was unable to be present at the final judging and requested his daughter to act for him in his absence. Major Jack, however, was able to see photographs of the "probables" while on leave, and fully agreed with the decisions of the other judges!

From Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.

I am really greatly in debt to *The Daily Mirror* for giving me the opportunity of meeting so many beautiful Englishwomen.

The standard was very high, making it in many cases very difficult to select; but it was delightful employment, made very much easier by the real enjoyment of the situation by the ladies themselves, who certainly appreciated the varied entertainment by *The Daily Mirror*.

The winner of the competition came well endowed with gifts, beautiful features and exquisite colouring; also that charm which all artists desire, which is reflected perfectly in the shoulders. Then one scarcely knew which to admire the most—the face in repose or animated—each being equally beautiful.

BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

From Miss Anna Airy, R.I.

For my part, I had no difficulty or hesitation in awarding the first prize to Miss Sabbage.

In formation of the head, poise, character, colouring, as also in general deportment, of which we had such a pleasant opportunity to judge, Miss Sabbage at once stood out as a

winner. The winner of the second prize (Miss Marsh) also gives a fine representation of a good type of English beauty. In the case of the third winner, vivacity helped beauty much; while the fourth winner disclosed an unusual and delightful type of beauty.

ANNIE AIRY.

HUN PLOT TO JOIN RUSSIA—ARCHANGEL BATTLE

HUNS WANT RUSSIA AS AN ALLY.

New Move by Lenin and Scheidemann.

OFFER TO THE ALLIES?

PARIS, Friday.

There is now before the Peace Conference a definite concrete proposal from the Russian Government, bearing Lenin's signature. There is also the definite information that he, Kautsky and Scheidemann and the Cabinet now in Moscow are endeavouring to obtain a formal alliance between Germany and Russia.

In the light of these two facts the Peace Conference is giving more thought to Russia than the daily official reports indicate.

The greatest secrecy surrounds the Lenin document, but it is known that it offers a way to end hostilities between the Russian Government and the Entente that favourably impressed some of the most important representatives of the British Government.

How the Americans are affected it is impossible to ascertain. The willingness to give thoughts to the memorandum which is the outgrowth of previous discussions, is most important, for the fact presents an apparent opportunity to break at the outset the rapidly-forming Bolshevik front.

THE TYPHUS PERIL.

The Peace Conference frankly admits it dislikes the prospect of facing a real alignment of the Central powers concerned. It believes that with Russia eliminated the keystone of the structure is gone.

Secondly, medical men are most alarmed at the spread of typhus westward from Russia.

Beyond the written document it is understood that Lenin is ready to assure the Entente countries that the Russian Government will abstain entirely from propaganda among the Allied peoples, Lenin taking the view that the best propaganda will be the actual success of the system of world Government.

He is unable to assess the course, that the Russian zealots will abstain from attempting to proselytise western countries, but pointed out that the latter countries are able to deal with unwelcome visitors who act in defiance of the Russian Government's wishes in this respect—Exchange.

MRI. BONAR LAW'S DENIAL.

LATER.—Mr. Bonar Law's denial in Parliament with reference to Lenin is technically correct. No peace offer was received from Russia, but the United Press is authoritatively informed that the peace delegates received a definite statement of Russia's position bearing Lenin's signature. This, in effect, is a concrete declaration of the terms of peace which the Soviet Government was willing to end hostilities.

Mr. W. M. Bullitt, the American journalist who carried the document, was obviously not qualified to receive the Russian peace offer, not being a plenipotentiary, but the fact remains that the plenipotentiaries received and read a statement so described.—Exchange.

BLOCKADE NOT STOPPING FOOD SUPPLIES.

"Surplus of Food in Russia," Says Mr. Harmsworth.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in an interview with reference to the memorial presented to the Government regarding the blockade, said there was a misapprehension on the part of the memorialists and a large section of the public that the blockade was cutting off supplies to the distressed countries in Europe.

Difficulties of shipping, finance and organisation within the distressed countries were responsible for delayed and hindered relief, and not any action by the blockade authorities.

Mr. Harmsworth believed that there was a sufficient supply of food in Russia, but the food-producing community were unwilling to give up the food to the hopelessly demoralised communities in the towns.

In fact an authority on the question had informed him that there was a surplus of food in that country.

The difficulty was to organise its distribution to the consumer.

812,000 PENSIONERS.

"Permanent pensions had been granted to 12,000 officers and 800,000 men," said the Postmaster-General (Sir L. Worthington Evans) at a National Health Conference at Westminster yesterday.

He estimated at least 700,000 temporary pensioners, of whom an unknown number would become permanent.

Negotiations Between Berlin and Moscow—Lenin's Peace Terms to the Allies.

PREMIER PLEDGES SECURITY TO FRANCE.

Germany's New Move.—The Peace Conference, says the Exchange, have definite information that Lenin, Kautsky and Scheidemann, and the Cabinet now in Moscow, are trying to obtain a formal alliance between Germany and Russia. It is also declared that Lenin sent a signed document containing the peace terms on which the Russian Bolsheviks are willing to cease hostilities:

Our Pledge to France.—Mr. Lloyd George has disposed of all rumours of Anglo-French misunderstanding. The understanding, he declares, is as complete and absolute as ever; France must have guaranteed and permanent security against the Huns.

Better Peace News.—President Wilson [who is ill with a cold] estimates that the Peace Treaty will be completed in a fortnight.

Bolsheviks Defeated.—The Bolsheviks attacked the Allies on the Archangel front and were beaten off with loss.

PREMIER LEADS FIGHT FOR WORKERS.

Masters and Men Meet to Solve Problems.

LABOUR STATESMEN.

Industrial Magna Charta Agreed to by Both Sides.

For more than four years we have been manifesting the co-operation of the country in the great task of freeing Great Britain from military autocracy. Let us go on and manifest it in the not less important task of freeing Europe from poverty, from unemployment and from industrial unrest.—Mr. Lloyd George.

This inspiring message to Labour from the Prime Minister in Paris was read yesterday at the meeting in London of the Industrial Conference, composed of employers and workmen, when a new Magna Charta for workers was agreed to by both sides.

The object of the conference was to find a permanent solution of labour problems and to pave the way for an industrial peace.

Eight hundred delegates were present. Sir Robert Horne presided.

THE NEW CHARTER.

Among the recommendations of the Joint Committee brought forward for the adoption by the conference were the following:

A legalised maximum normal working week of forty-eight hours in all industries.

Legalised minimum time rate of wages to be of universal application, the Commission to report in three months as to what these minimum rates should be.

Discouragement of systematic overtime.

Trade conferences to consider how war advances and bonuses should be dealt with.

Inquiry to be made of the effect on the labour market of the employment of married women and widows.

Establishment of a permanent National Industrial Council of employers and workers to advise the Government on national industrial questions.

Mr. Clynes appealed to miners, railwaymen and engineers not to stand aloof from general organised labour, but to share the high responsibilities.

Mr. J. H. Thomas said that the National Union of Railways did not intend in any action they took to be unmindful of their responsibility to the State.

PREMIER'S PROMISE.

Housing, Unemployment and Old Age Pensions May Be Improved.

Sir Robert Horne then read a letter from Mr. Lloyd George, in which the Premier said:

My Dear Horne,—I welcome the report of the Committee of the Joint Industrial Council, especially as it shows what can be done when the representatives of employers and the workers agree to meet to discuss their problems in a spirit of sincerity and determination to find a peaceful solution.

BOLSHEVIST ATTACK AT ARCHANGEL.

Allies Beat Off Onslaught—Foe's Losses.

KOLTCHAK'S BIG VICTORY.

Whole Enemy Army of 40,000 Men Destroyed.

The Daily Mirror learned yesterday that the Bolsheviks, about forty-eight hours ago, delivered an attack, apparently without artillery, on the Archangel front, in the neighbourhood of Bolsheozerski, just west of the railway.

The Bolsheviks were beaten off with a fair amount of loss, while our own losses were slight. Otherwise there is no change on this front.

Telegrams from Omsk contain a general review of the military situation in Siberia issued by General Androsky, formerly chief of the Military College at Petrograd.

In his communiqué the general states that a whole Bolshevik army of 40,000 men, representing a sixth part of the whole Red Army fighting on Admiral Kolchak's front, has been completely destroyed in the Ufa sector.

The situation on the front to the south of Orenburg must, he thinks, become greatly improved, especially as according to the latest news the Bolsheviks are evacuating Orenburg.

POE IN FULL FLIGHT.

Siberian Armies Unable To Keep in Touch.

Telegrams from Omsk report that during the last few days the Bolsheviks have been retreating on the Orenburg front with such speed that the Siberian armies in pursuit have in certain sectors been unable to keep in touch with them.

Considerable booty is being taken and Bolshevik desertions continue, as, for example, at Sterlitomak, fifty miles south of Ufa, where a whole regiment of Bolshevik cavalry came over to our side and immediately turned their horses to Orenburg, from which they had been driven.

General Butovskiy announces that the Bolsheviks accumulated at Orenburg nearly 3,500,000cwt. of grain, which they had seized from the Cossack villages.

Following upon the evacuation of Orenburg, which is now in progress by the enemy, the Bolsheviks are endeavouring to transport this enormous supply of food to Samara, but the cutting of the line between Orenburg and Samara is greatly increasing the difficulty of doing so.

Great importance is attached to the recent capture of Menshinsk, as it will considerably facilitate the envelopment of the Bolshevik right wing in the Serapul sector.

In this connection the hope is expressed that Admiral Kolchak's troops will shortly be in a position to prevent any navigation on the Volga in this district, and will, therefore, be able to bottle up and subsequently seize the steamers and boats which wintered at Serapul and other ports situated between Ossia and Flaboug-Berter.

LLOYD GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO FRANCE.

Complete and Absolute Understanding," Says Premier.

Mr. Lloyd George has been interviewed on peace progress by the *Petit Parisien*, and is anxious to set at rest doubts which had arisen regarding Great Britain's support of France in its demand for guarantees. The British Premier quickly gave the quietus to these false rumours.

"Between France and Great Britain the understanding to-day is as complete as ever it was. Britain understands that France must have guaranteed security for the future against Germany."

"Britain does not regret her sacrifices and is ready to face them again, even in fifty years' time if the Beast that is Germany should break loose again against France."

"The very idea of dissensions between our countries," he proceeded, "cannot exist in the future."

"The Entente has remained complete and absolute. That is what I have to say and make known to the French people because it is the truth and it is just."

Peace in Fourteen Days.—The New York *World* says that President Wilson estimates that the Peace Treaty can be closed up in a fortnight.

King Albert is shortly to visit London, s

the *Petit Journal*.—Reuter.

ALWAYS A WINNER.



THE great success of the B.D.V. Silk Picture Needlework Competition has been very remarkable and proves the interest awakened by these pretty Silk Pictures. Readers of "The Daily Mirror" are invited to take part in this most fascinating and profitable form of home work—every woman and girl who can sew can enter. There is no entrance fee and a few hours work may bring you a money prize.

Nearly £11,000 has been awarded to date, and each month hundreds of prizes are given in sums ranging from £10 0 0 to 10s.

B.D.V. SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION

THE MARCH COMPETITION CLOSES MAY 3, 1919.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS WRITE TO

GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., LONDON, E.1.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1919.

THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

We do not envy the Committee of Experts in Beauty whose task it was to renew the Judgment of Paris for the benefit of *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition.

Their task was harder than that of the classical young man.

He had only to decide between three goddesses. Our Committee had to select not from three, or thirty, or three hundred, or three thousand, but from more than fifty thousand!

Obviously, they could not judge all these charming women "by sight." "Mine eyes dazzle," they would have said, with the old poet: "I've seen so many that I cannot see any at all." A system of elimination was therefore followed and even then the judges had a difficult task!

But we "left it to them," with a knowledge that they were themselves well chosen—being artists, painters, a sculptor, and one of them herself an exemplification of Beauty, a realised instance.

They have chosen; and to-day our readers can see for themselves who were the most lovely of our war-workers.

Beauty encourages. Beauty helps. It is a relief, a delight, through the eyes, to the whole being. So it is pleasant now to think that, not only these prizewinners, but all the thousands of others whose pictures have adorned our pages, exist in Britain to take away the favourite German reproach that our women all have prominent teeth, scanty hair, and large feet. In no other country can more lovely women be found! We claim to have proved it by our photographs day by day.

And it is a satisfaction to think that our £1,000 Beauty Competition for War Workers has won the "war for looks" after the other war was won—in some measure by the practical help our beautiful competitors gave it. For they have energy as well as looks. They unite beauty and brains.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S eloquent speech to a French journalist, reported yesterday, may be taken by some people here to imply that there *has* been "dissension" between Britain and France at the Peace Conference.

But Mr. Lloyd George clearly asserts that radical dissensions are "impossible."

"We have had discussions."

Yes, but not with the French people who toiled and suffered and bled in the war; only with those of their leaders who have wanted to prepare future "irredentist" wars by making in 1919 the same mistake as Germany made in 1871.

We want to stand by France, to restore France, to see that never again is France wantonly attacked. That is our aim. It will not be achieved by handing over slices of conquered country to be ruled by alien races, in direct contradiction of the Wilsonian terms which led to the Armistice for Germany.

No more oppression of France. No more oppression of any race. No more attacks on France. But also *no more war*.

That is the ideal.

We believe it to be the everlasting credit of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George that they have tried to keep it before them at the Peace Conference. The delay has been caused, not by them, but by those who lost sight of the ideal.

W. M.

BEAUTY'S POWER.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray? Who doth not feel, until his failing sight Prints into dimness with its own delight, Like a man who, when she sits beside him, confesses The might, the majesty of loveliness?—BYRON

WHERE "TOMMY" DRIVES A REINDEER.

THE THREATENED REGIONS ON THE ARCTIC SEA.

BY A RETURNED OFFICER.

WE have 13,000 troops under Generals Maynard and Ironside, guarding the north door of Russia in remote Lapland.

In this Arctic wilderness to-day British troops are hunting "Bolshies," and are now pretty tired of the game. Trotsky's reconstituted army is intent upon driving us into the frozen sea—a possible disaster compared with which the capitulation of Kut-el-Amara is a mere trifle.

One has but to realise that Bolshevism is now rampant in four continents to estimate the moral and political effects of such a British débâcle. Enormous quantities of war stores are piled up at Kola and Archangel; and the social and climatic conditions weigh heavily

sible, and there are long periods of inactivity which our men find unutterably tedious and miserable. The village fair is "Tommy's" great resort, and thither he repairs, driving a long-legged reindeer whose single raw-hide trace gets mixed up with the box-like sleigh, so that spills in the snow delight the native women.

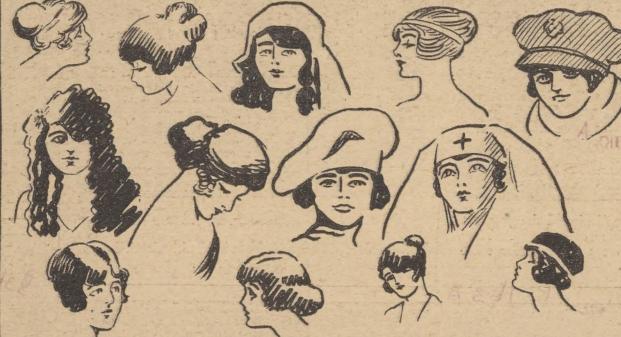
Our men are welcome guests in the log cabins. In these animals and fowls dwell promiscuously with the peasants. The heat, the vermin and the smells are alike overpowering. Families are enormous. I remember one hut of three rooms in which a bearded Russian Lapp dwelt with his Amazonian spouse and fifteen children!

"WE DON'T SPEAK RUSSIAN."

Of course, our soldiers—as they say themselves—"haven't enough Russian to hurt a mosquito"; but that does not prevent expression by signs and glances, together with the subtle vehicle of souls. The usual two-room hut in this region is made fairly weather-tight by stuffing moss in the cracks,

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 8.

HOW TO RECONCILE THE THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS PROVED TO EXIST BY THE "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITION—



—WITH HIS DAILY EXPERIENCES IN TUBES AND SUCH-LIKE PUBLIC PLACES



Our Beauty Competition has shown that Britain contains thousands of exquisite girls. Where do they all get to in ordinary life?—By W. K. Haselden.

upon troops, of which we are officially told "most of them are of low category," having been dispatched to the Arctic at the blackest period of the war.

Field headquarters are often in a tiny, rough-hewn log cabin, thatched with spruce boughs, and heated by a home-made stove. Outside, in primeval forest, our men are sheltered only by a lean-to of boughs. In the general's hut are a few camp cots, a portable table and a telephone. Bitter winds whistle through the chinks in floor and walls. Our officers turn in at night with all the skin coats and blankets they can find, and our lads shiver along the ice-filled Emesa River, afraid to light brush fires for fear of the Lettish and Chinese snipers of the Bolshevik army.

Alcohol, glycerine and rum have to be used as anti-freezing fluids for our machine guns. A row of these is stacked by the stove to thaw out; others are taken to bed with the N.C.O. and wrapped in his blankets, like a child's doll! No wonder rheumatism is rife among the men.

There is no trench-fighting in these frozen swamps, but a good deal of tree-to-tree and rock-to-rock skirmishing. Little artillery or trench-mortar support is pos-

and the six-foot stove serves for cooking, baking and heating. It is also the principal bed.

Kinema shows are given in old railway carriages. The food is good, and our cooks contrive sybaritic meals of salted salmon, roast ptarmigan and reindeer's heart. But fresh vegetables are badly needed. There is no "spit and polish" with our Arctic Army; no parades or reveilles, no C.B. or lights-out, no public-houses.

We tried clog-dancing on skis; we learned the vengerka and gopack.

These diversions, and crying *Skolko?* (How much?) in the village market for a quarter of elk meat soon pall upon the gayest sub. It is imperatively necessary that our Murmansk Division be saved from the Bolshevik concentration, which Trotsky has arranged at Kotkaz. The approaching thaw will make wild chaos of the Arctic "roads"; and unless Americans can relieve us soon our position will be extremely serious.

Six Allied nations have scattered "packets" of troops in that desolate belt, and the fall of Archangel—say Sir Ernest Shackleton warns us—would be "a tremendous blow to our prestige."

CAN GERMANY PAY?

OUR READERS DISCUSS THE PROBLEM OF INDEMNITIES.

THEIR INCONSISTENCY.

I AM glad you point out the inconsistency of those tariff experts who want to prevent German goods from being "dumped" on us after the war, and then insist that Germany must pay in goods.

LOGIC.

IN 1871.

DIDN'T France "pay" Germany in 1871 and after?

Wasn't that money useful for the German mobilisation of 1914?

I have always been given to understand that it was used in that way.

A. C.

Chester-gate, N.W.

L. M. W.

WORKS OF ART.

MR. BONAR LAW pointed out that Germany may pay in securities—at least a good deal. She could further pay by handing over to France all those works of art she has to an equivalent of what she has destroyed.

Cofne, Lancashire.

COMPETITIVE BIRTH-RATES.

THE birth-rate question is certainly a vital one for Labour, and should, as "W. M." says, be solved internationally.

Germany's high birth-rate has been smashed by the war, and America has a low one.

But the other big competitors, the Japanese and Chinese, have steadily increased, and consequently such a struggle for bare existence, that they work like slaves for a few pence a day. They will turn out goods very cheaply for export and thus underbid Labour in the Western manufacturing countries.

ECONOMIST.

TAXATION OF BACHELORS.

AS a bachelor, I quite agree with the proposal to tax us.

But it should be on a graduated scale, and the money should be returned to the taxpayer when he marries. This method would encourage marriage, not prevent it.

For instance, a single man of twenty-two could pay £10 a year, and the tax could rise up to £2s. by the time he was forty.

If he did not marry, the State would benefit by the money; if he did, the State would benefit in the way the eugenists desire.

A. M.

MARRIED WOMEN'S INCOME TAX.

I READ in your most popular paper that Mr. Chamberlain is likely to perpetuate the taxing of married women at a higher rate than single women.

This at 6s., in the pound is likely to break up many middle-class homes, and if such an injustice appears in the new Budget let us hope that it turns the Budget out.

The excuse that it would cost twenty millions to do the honest thing is absurd, when the total sum is over sixty millions in "unemployed" dates, which withdraws domestic servants from the middle-class houses and renders home life impossible.

It is satisfactory to read in your notes to-day that the new M.P.s have income tax deducted at the same rate as other people.

A. O. F.

NO HYSTERIA.

LET US celebrate the forthcoming peace in a less hysterical way than some celebrated armistice day.

Regarding the erection of monuments, this is entirely unnecessary, as, personally, I think the money, which in all probability would be drawn from the public pocket, could be put to a much better use.

Let us do away with the cheering, etc., which is undoubtedly a heartbreaking reminder to those who have lost dear ones in the war.

A. SCRIVIER.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Tax Cats.—Your correspondent "B. D." might reflect that if cats are taxed there will be more vagrants in London than ever. Many of those who now own untaxed cats will set them loose over London. Thus much needless suffering will be caused. A LOVER OF CATS.

Good Girls.—It would never do to have a competition for plain girls. But why not good girls—the best to get the prize? Our Bishops could be the judges of virtue. —A. L.

No More Monuments!—Can anyone explain what it is who sets the idea of a monument going? Is it the sculptors? Is it the architects? Who principally gains by spending public money on these atrocities?—ARTIST.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 4.—Now is a suitable time to sow sweet peas for midsummer flowering. It is important to give them ground that has been dug to a depth of at least 2ft., but see that it is made firm previous to sowing. Although sweet peas look attractive sown in a row, clumps of one variety dotted about the garden make a charming display. Sow thinly just under the surface and protect from the birds by means of black cotton.

Sweet peas raised under glass last November or during February must now be gradually hardened off. Give them small sticks in good time and plant out about the middle of this month.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is her own excuse for being.—EMERSON.

WEDDING OF A ZEEBRUGGE V.C.



Sergeant Finch; V.C., Royal Marine Artillery, who displayed the greatest heroism during the raid on Zeebrugge, and his bride (Miss Ross). They were quietly married at Portsmouth, and walked from the register office after the knot had been tied.

P 400 A

LEINSTER JUNIOR SCHOOLS: RUGBY CUP FINAL.



Davey, Belvedere, gets away and scores a try.

Spt 54A
Belvedere have won the cup four years in succession.



Belvedere enthusiasts cheer and wave flags.

Spt 54A
Belvedere College defeated Blackrock College by 16 points to 3.

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TO MARRY AN AIRMAN.—Major W. H. Tollhurst, R.A.F., and Miss Sheila Marsh, daughter of Mr. Richard Marsh, Egerton House, Newmarket, the King's trainer, whose engagement is announced.



DUBLIN GIRL GUIDES.—Viscountess Powerscourt (on the right) was received by a guard of honour at the annual gathering of the Co. Dublin Girl Guides, of which she is vice-president.

P 463 A



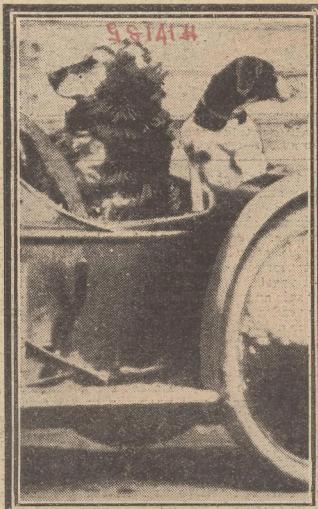
PLenty of Easter Eggs.—A girl worker binding eggs with ribbons. There will be an ample supply this year, as special concessions have been made by the Food Controller for the festival.



Buck up! I'm sick of waiting.

Right away! Never mind that cat.

A JOY RIDE IN THE R.A.F.—Two valued friends of a captain in the R.A.F., who are very keen on motoring, off for a spin.



FISHING SMACK'S DECK USED AS A STAGE.—An open-air play, entitled "The Pearl and the Pirate," was given by the American soldiers at Cannes. A fishing smack and the quay were used as stages, according to what "scenery" was required. It was so successful that it is to be given at Nice and Monte Carlo.

THE WINNING BEAUTY TELLS HER LIFE STORY.

GREAT SWIMMER, CIVIL SERVANT, BANK CLERK AND V.A.D.

By MIRIAM SABBAGE.

The winner of "The Daily Mirror" competition was also the winner of the "Prettiest Child in London" contest. She tells her secret of preserving a beautiful skin.

THIS is not the first beauty competition I have won. The first took place when I was a very small person indeed, and carried off the prize in an evening newspaper "Prettiest Child in London" contest.

"I can remember now how I hated sitting still to be photographed, but was reconciled by big boxes of chocolates."

The little boy winner and I were taken to what I have since been told was the first cinema picture show in London. We sat in a reproduction of a railway carriage and saw travel pictures go by. It was terribly exciting to a little child, and consoled me for the pleasant teasing I got for being a winner.

It seems to me that I'm lucky to be here at all to enter for this huge contest now, because I was so nearly drowned in an air raid.

I went for a holiday from my war work to Margate when the worst raids were on.

Being a very strong swimmer I always swim as far out to sea as I can. One day I was ever so far out when the maroons went off, and I found myself in the middle of a raid!

It seemed to me less dangerous to stay where I was than to swim back and land under fire. So there I stayed.

The seaplane flew right over me.

Two British battleships came into sight, and down went the seaplane quite close to me.

The pilot was drowned under my eyes.

LOVE OF ACTING.

But I was telling you about my childhood. I was so dreadfully afraid of being made a "lady-like" little girl, which means that I might not climb trees, play wild Indians and scouts, which I loved to do.

My hair was twisted into ringlet curls to give me an Early Victorian air of decorum, but, deary me, the small girl I remember wasn't decorous.

I was always good if promised that I might act, though, if only to myself—in the nursery. It was a great occasion when at five years old I sang publicly for the first time.

At school I was always getting up plays.

We did "As You Like It" one term, and I played Rosalind. I was only concerned with my acting, which I took in deadly earnest. My mother was concerned that I should show off the very pretty frock I had on, I remember her waving wildly to me in the middle of a speech, whereupon I forgot my lines. She was trying to get me to move the huge fan I was carrying that hid my gown.

I am always reading that children should not have ugly toys or grotesque ones because they will then grow up ugly. When she heard the great news that I had won the Beauty Competition she reminded me that I would never look at the pretty wax dolls she bought me.

IN FEAR OF A PENSION.

The love of my little life was an awful-looking doll, inappropriately named "Daisy Belle."

I used to kiss her and cry over her to such an extent that her poor ugly features were nearly worn away.

"Plates and Dishes" the men at the hospital, where I was a V.A.D., until less than a month ago, called me. I had when a child, however, no mind for the duties of scrubbing, washing-up and serving. I was determined to be a big actress and then marry a duke.

To be famous was my firm determination.

When I left school I determined to earn money enough to get good singing lessons, as the "footlight fever" my friends laughed at so was still on me—and always will be, I fancy!

I won a scholarship at a commercial college and became a bronze medallist there, taking third place in the girl clerks' examination of the Civil Service.

This qualified me for a permanent post in the Post Office Savings Bank, and so I began my career when seventeen.

I chased miserably against the stern discipline and deadly monotony of a big Government concern, and after six months of it I decided to hand in my resignation.

I was considered very foolish at the time to give up a permanent clerkship, which was such a job to obtain, with a prospect of a pension at the end of it.

But, you see, it was that pension I was afraid of getting!

I obtained a temporary clerkship in the staff department of Parr's Bank, and have been there for the last three years.

Who thinks of the matter women are

That was the pleasantest of my duties—waiting on the cheery boys in blue. (We had accommodation for sixty.)

I came every Sunday for a year, and though I never had any use for the bandaging I had practised so assiduously on long-suffering friends and relatives, I soon got over my disappointment, and "carried on" with the pantry work.

We have just been demobilised (March 24, 1919, the hospital was closed), and although I shall be glad of having one day in seven to myself I shall miss the hospital dreadfully, and from what they said the boys will miss their "Sunday Nurse," or "Plates and Dishes" as they call me, too. (But then they say nice things like that to all the nurses?)

And what became of my singing?

Well, I managed to get in two years of lessons at the London College of Music, and when I had obtained my certificates I applied to the local commandant for V.A.D. work on Sundays, as I had to be at the bank all the week working to eight or nine at night.

I have had to be "on duty" at the Princess Christian's Hospital, South Norwood, every Sunday since then at 8 a.m.

Of course, I had glowing visions of tending the sick and wounded, smoothing their pillows, cooling their fevered brows and binding up their honourable scars. What newly-fledged V.A.D. hasn't? So I was a little disconcerted to find that my nursing duties mainly consisted of washing up, cleaning brass, scrubbing shelves, sweeping floors, etc., and that I wasn't even allowed inside the wards.

However, "they also serve who only stand and wait," thought I, as I handed the convalescent "Tommies" their mugs of tea and plates of ham.

I do believe in a face cream, a vanishing cream at night to be used with the soap and water beauty treatment.

BEAUTY'S SECRET.

People want to know, "How can you preserve a good skin in London?" "Soap and water, and lots of it," is my answer, particularly at night.

Use powder, by all means—who can resist it when a nose gets shiny? It is very refreshing, particularly if delicately scented, but I don't think it is "really and truly" good for the skin.

I do believe in a face cream, a vanishing cream at night to be used with the soap and water beauty treatment.



STARTING UP.—Miss Sabbage does things for herself.—("Daily Mirror" copyright.)

SHOULD WE HAVE WOMEN DIPLOMATISTS?

A NEW AND USEFUL SPHERE OF LABOUR.

By SOPHIA MONTGOMERY.

WHEN are we going to do the right thing and throw open our diplomatic and Consular services to women?

It is a commonplace that in the days before the war the Services were under a cloud. They have been abused both in Parliament and the Press, and reforms are supposed to be on the way.

But the greatest of all reforms is never suggested—the appointment of women Ambassadors and Consuls.

There is, however, in Paris to-day a lady diplomatist in the person of Miss Gertrude Bell, who has filled the post of Assistant Political Officer of the British Government at Bagdad. I do not know whether this office is honorary or not.

The point does not matter.

Miss Bell is an expert on Mesopotamia, and her knowledge and talents are being pressed into use for the enlightenment of the Peace Conference.

Why not extend the practice of employing women upon diplomatic missions?

The other week Queen Marie of Rumania was in London acting as a kind of Ambassador Extraordinary. She has been diplomatic in Paris, and has returned there on the same errand. She seems to have been engaged on both official and unofficial enterprises, and all of them have been successful.

When one thinks of the matter women are

born diplomats. They are brought up to wheedle and cajole. Every woman's life is a history of diplomacy.

They flatter and persuade with irresistible success. The country which can impress into its service the largest number of beautiful women with minds well equipped and disciplined and possessing a fine charm of manner is the one which is likely to secure the greatest diplomatic successes.

There are plenty of women well fitted by their knowledge of languages and by travel to take up work as political officers abroad. Only a ridiculous redtapeism stands in the way.

One of the most successful missionaries of recent times was Mme. Novikoff—whom Lord Beaconsfield aptly described as the "M.P. for Russia in England." Are there not a number of women in Great Britain who could become M.P.s for this island abroad? Could they not be appointed as propagandists until such time as the diplomatic services became largely staffed with gifted women.

It seems to be unfortunate that the great diplomatic gifts of women are allowed to rust. Women should be called to the profession. They should be trained for special work, as diplomatic representation abroad calls for a variety of skill.

In the history of every country there have been great queens who have stamped their character upon the age in which they lived.

If women can be queens in fact as well as in name, what is there, in common sense, to urge against their appointment as Ambassadors and Consuls? The answer is, of course, nothing!

CHILDREN WITHOUT FAIRY TALES.

IS CINDERELLA TO DISAPPEAR WITH HER FRIENDS?

By MRS. STANLEY WRENCH.

How hard Nurseryland would be without the Fairies!

I SAW it suggested the other day that fairy tales should be abolished from Nursery-land!

What will happen if we are to be so sternly utilitarian in our aims as to look on fairy tales as belonging to the past, and to banish them as useless and old-fashioned? Not only shall we have cut away one of the greatest joys of childhood, but we shall have removed a wonderful educational factor, for fairy tales are not the flimsy rubbish some people would have us believe . . . they may be made the very basis of education.

Rousseau banned fairy tales; Miss Edgeworth, an ardent follower of his, believed in "useful knowledge" instead of the pretty fancies of Elfland; Spenser and Bain deny that fairy tales have any educational value, and the Puritan writers would do away with them altogether.

Not only Beowulf, the story of King Arthur and his knights, Robin Hood and his men, but even the tale of Saint George of Merriville England would have to go, together with Jack and the Bean Stalk, Goody Two Shoes, Little Snow White, Red Riding Hood and a host of other imaginary beings.

The very crown and jewel of English faerie lore, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" would have to be condemned.

FAIRIES CAN'T BE SPARED.

We should have to do away with the immortal Alice, with all the delightful tales of Hans Andersen, with "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," with their witchery and charm, and last, but not least, the creation of that magician of our own time, Barrie's "Peter Pan."

No, a thousand times no. We cannot spare the fairies.

Facts are hard and convincing things, but it has taken centuries to build up the airy-faery fancies of Elfland, and yet there are folk who would sweep away all these wonders as carelessly as the housemaid with brush and pan sweeps down the gossamer web of a spider without a thought to its beauty.

Yet fairy tales have their uses, too, if we must be sternly practical.

Anyone who has studied educational methods will agree that imagination is one of the strongest forces in developing the will power of a small child, and certainly fairy tales may be made an aid to cultivate the imagination.

There is ethical value, too, for the power of example can be brought to bear on the child.

In all the old tales evil-doing is punished and goodness and unselfishness rewarded, and a child learns to sympathise with the sorrows of others, as well as to set himself to emulate brave deeds of the Golden Age of the world.

WHAT COULD REPLACE THEM.

Also, if the mother, nurse or teacher be wise enough to discriminate carefully and use beautiful, but simple language, a child will naturally attune his ear to musical words and will find pleasure in adding to his vocabulary.

Fairy tales prepare children to enjoy poetry. Rightly linked up and carefully used, they teach children to observe, compare and contrast, and Nature study may be combined with faerie literature in such a way that the child is being truly educated . . . not merely instructed.

Facts . . . "real happenings in life" will have to be learned later, but there is a beautiful simplicity about these old tales which a child readily grasps and assimilates, and the happiest and most successful folk I have ever known are they who believe in fairies.

The whimsical fancies of the Danish storyteller, Hans Andersen, Southey's "Three Bears," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," for what are they but fairy tales, the "Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck, the delightful creations of our own immortal Barrie, the well-known "Contes des Fees," of which "Cinderella" is only one jewel in a priceless string, the imitable "Just So Stories," even the Iliad and Odyssey, age-old epics, misty with tradition . . . who would you banish those?

And what are you going to put in their place?

Kipling and Barrie are with us still, but the wonder-workers of the past who have helped to make that priceless heritage of faerie lore and legend for our children; what would they say, think you, to the Bolsheviks who would sweep away fairy tales?

MISS MIRIAM SABBAGE, THE FIRST PRIZEWINNER, AT WORK AND PLAY



A recent studio portrait. All photographs on this page are *Daily Mirror* copyright.



Wearing her V.A.D. uniform with cap and apron.



As a child she was very pretty and was awarded the beauty prize.



The first and sec



She gave her Sundays for hospital work.



Handing a cup of tea to a member of the crew while on a yachting trip.

Ready for

WHO GAVE UP HER SUNDAYS TO SCRUB THE FLOORS OF A HOSPITAL



on a yacht.



Ready for a motor drive. She is wearing a warm coat with a tam-o'-shanter to match.



A very striking studio portrait showing her abundant and beautiful head of hair.



Cleaning and sterilising surgical instruments

P20554A



No task was too humble for her when she worked as a V.A.D.



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By W. A. APPLETON, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions.

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SD 37

12/11 Post

Price 20.
Frock, as sketch. Poplin

Bottle, Black, Navy, White, Sky, Copper, Rose, Sage, Chamois, Rose, Biscuit, etc. Sizes: 26, 30, 34, 38, 40.

SD 38

12/11 Post

Price 20.
Frock, as sketch. Poplin

Bottle, Black, Navy, White, Sky, Copper, Rose, Sage, Chamois, Rose, Biscuit, etc. Sizes: 26, 30, 34, 38, 40.

SD 39

12/11 Post

Price 20.
Frock, as sketch. Poplin

Bottle, Black, Navy, White, Sky, Copper, Rose, Sage, Chamois, Rose, Biscuit, etc. Sizes: 26, 30, 34, 38, 40.

SD 40

12/11 Post

Price 20.
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The Hon. Iris Somerville, daughter of Lord Raglan.



Miss Karsanova has been engaged for the Russian ballet season.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Premier's Return.

Great efforts are being made to get Mr. Lloyd-George to come back to London for the dinner to Sir Henry Wilson. It is very doubtful whether he can get here, however.

Comforts for Troops.

Mrs. Lloyd-George, who is in North Wales, will to-day be at a meeting which will practically wind up her fund for supplying comforts to Welsh troops. She threw herself heart and soul into this movement from the first, and converted some of the rooms at Downing-street into a veritable store and dispatching centre. Over 160 Welsh units were supplied with comforts.

Busy Japanese.

Everywhere I hear stories of the headway the Japanese are making in the British-home market. When I asked at my chemist's—a branch shop of one of the biggest firms in the country—for one of those little menthol cones which are so good for headaches the assistant gave me one beautifully put up in a boxwood case and stamped "Made in Yokohama."

Outing the Austrian.

The Japanese are supplying vast quantities of chemists' sundries, he told me. Tooth brushes and vacuum flasks—up to now almost an Austrian monopoly—were men-



The Queen of Spain has undergone a slight operation, and is recovering.



The Duke of Rutland, who called the Lord's attention to the London taxicab.

tioned as examples of Far Eastern productions which are capturing our market.

Sir Edward's Double.

I wonder if Sir Edward Carson knows he has a double? A friend with whom I was motoring the other day stopped the car in front of a tobacconist's shop in Shepherds Bush and made me go in to buy cigarettes in order to make the acquaintance of "Sir Edward," as he called him.

Probate and Divorce.

I am told that a memorial to the late Sir Samuel Evans is under consideration. Lords Justices Bancks and Atkin have the matter in hand with Mr. Justice Sankey and other leading lawyers.

A Great Judge.

It is proposed to establish a law lecture-ship at Aberystwyth College. Also a medallion in relief of the great divorce Judge may be placed in the central hall of the college.

Wanted, a Respite.

The unmentionable thing in the Army in the early days of the war was, of course, "plum and apple." To-day I hear it is "apricot." For months past what would in moderation have been thought a delicacy has become nauseous by daily appearance at almost every meal.

Breaking Collar-Bones.

I hear that some of the hospitals in the area of the Army of Occupation that were beginning to get short of patients have suddenly become brisk again. The reason, a nursing sister writes home to say, is "the number of broken collar-bones sustained in the cavalry steeplechase."

Lady Golfer's Death.

The death of Miss Stella Temple removes one of the best lady golfers. I remember her as runner-up in the championship of 1912. The two following years she played for England.

Bad News for Sharks.

Women are far more plucky and enterprising in investing their money since the war," a City man tells me. "They are quick to discern a good thing." At the same time they are careful and full of ideas. The women who handed over their money to a man to invest as he pleased are very rare.

'COMMON BROTHERHOOD.'

When Will Mr. Lloyd George Return? — An Afternoon with the Real Jazz Band.

Few events, arranged by the English-Speaking Union, have been more wisely conceived than yesterday's memorial service at Westminster Abbey for the American officers and men who fell in the war. Everyone felt the singular appropriateness of honouring, amidst the dust of Britain's great warriors of the past, the memory of America's youth who fell beside their British cousins in a sacred and righteous cause. As the Dean said in his address: "Their deaths have sealed the unwritten but inviolable covenant of our common brotherhood."

A Distinguished Congregation.

The congregation was a distinguished one, even for the Abbey. The King was represented by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Burt, M.P., and Queen Alexandra was also represented. In the absence of Mr. Lloyd-George, Sir William Sutherland attended and I also saw Viscount Milner, Viscount Peel, Mr. Walter Long, and other members of the Government.

U.S. Embassy.

The American Ambassador was accommodated in one of the stalls, while the Greek Minister, Dominion representatives and high-American officers occupied prominent seats. The body of the Abbey was filled with detachments of the American Army and Navy, the Royal Navy, the British Army and the Dominion Forces.

The Music.

The battle hymn of the Republic, "Mine eyes have seen the glory," which came at the end of the service, provided rather an anti-climax. One expected the American sailors and soldiers to make the Abbey ring, but they could not accommodate themselves to the dignified measure of Sir Frederick's accompaniment, and mostly gave it up.

Courts.

I am told that everything is on the lap of the gods with regard to Courts and all public entertaining at Buckingham Palace. The King has been credited with the desire to make Courts far less ceremonial affairs, so we shall see what we shall see.

House-Proud.

No one is more house-proud than Lady Patricia Ramsay. I heard a story of her yesterday which illustrates this. When the Belfast Women sent their charming but belated wedding gift of silver her honeymoon was well on. On hearing of its arrival at Clarence House she wired for a photograph of it to be sent her. She delights, it seems, in her household possessions.

A Disappointing Document.

After sitting for two months in Paris the Commission on International Labour has issued its report, which I imagine is likely to please nobody. First of all it is a confusing, confounding document of forty-one articles, with one of those long preambles which it takes experts to translate into the language of the plain man. I hear that British Labour is bitterly disappointed with the whole business.

Busy Railwaysmen.

The executive of the National Union of Railwaysmen are having a busy time. They have been in session all this week, and will sit all next week, arranging details of the points in their national programme which have already been conceded.

Russian Properties.

I am told on good authority that an excellent market has sprung up in London for Russian properties. Refugees who brought their title deeds with them, it is said, sell at a good price.

New Irish Play.

Lady Gregory is busy on a new play. It is in three acts, and will have its first production at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

The Little.

After having been severely damaged by a German bomb and used as a hostel for soldiers, the Little Theatre is reverting to its pre-war activities. Mr. Albert de Courville has added it to his growing list of theatrical properties.

Serious Matters.

The new manager aims to produce plays of serious interest as well as other kinds. Everything is not settled, but it is not unlikely that a bill consisting of one-act plays will be the opening offering.

A Health Trip.

Miss Teddie Gerard, who has been suffering lately from a bad bronchial cold, tells me that she is going to pay a visit to California in the course of the next few weeks. She is hoping that her native air will effect a complete recovery.

The Real Jazz.

Great uproar was created at the London Hippodrome the other afternoon when the Dixieland Jazz Band gave a private "show" to some newspaper men and others. Whatever one may think of the jazz band's efforts from a musical point of view, they certainly set the feet moving.

The Hat Band.

Motor horns and other unaccustomed instruments are used to give a "punch" to the selections. I was interested to see a bowler hat used in conjunction with the trombone—all the more because it was my hat that was borrowed for the purpose.

Romance on a Signboard.

One does not usually look for poetical feeling on a public-house signboard. But down in Kent the other day I noticed an inn which was called The Rose in June.

An Artist Dies.

"As You Like It" to be produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is, meanwhile, to be the chief feature of this year's Shakespearean celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, and is being exquisitely dressed. Captain Lovat Fraser, the artist, is personally dyeing as well as designing the gowns.

Never Again.

An advertising expert is gloomy about the future of the giving away of samples. The practice may be revived in some cases, he tells me, but never again will the manufacturer offer samples of cigars and tobacco and



Lady Brigitte, wife of Capt. Riddell, has given £200 worth of War Bonds to a Red Cross unit.



Mrs. Douglas Riddell, wife of Capt. Riddell, has been working at the Maple Leaf canteen.

small bottles of pleasing liquid at the cost of a penny stamp.

The King's Cup.

There is a strong feeling that if the Mother Country's forces can rise to the occasion to-day at Inverleith the All Blacks will fail to hit the King's Cup. Londoners regret that the match was not played at Twickenham.

A Versatile Boxer.

Georges Carpenter, I am told, is the best three-quarter in France. The champion of Europe scored all the four tries which enabled a French team to get an easy victory over the Tank Corps.

Variety.

I saw a man yesterday wearing khaki trousers, the impromptu blue uniform of 1914, a civilian cap and a D.C.M. ribbon.

THE RAMBLER.

April Showers

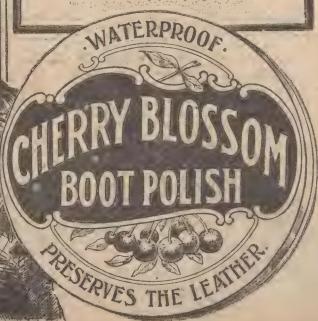
fail to penetrate footwear which is daily cleaned with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH. This famous dressing for boots and shoes is again back to its pre-war standard of excellence. As a preparation for waterproofing, preserving and polishing all leathers it stands pre-eminent.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

In Tins, Black, Brown & Tonette

TONETTE

gives the correct colour to Military Equipment.



NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE LAST HOPE.

Elsa saw a small fortune ebbing to her husband the next day, and she followed the cable up with long letters, explaining, reproaching, imploring, all in one breath.

"Why had he not told her the truth, she demanded? She hoped this would be a lesson to him. If Ursula or Jake died without everything being made clear between them, she declared she would never forgive him.

She posted the letter on her way to Ursula again. She felt that she could not be happy away from the nursing home. She was sure that if they would only allow her to see the girl, she could keep her alive by sheer force of will.

She met Henry March at the door.

"She's as bad as she can be," he said. "I've done all I can, heaven knows! I've spared no expense—*at least* I've told them to spare none."

Elsa could not answer. Hitherto she had refused to give way. She had buoyed herself up with the hope that everything must come right, but now she felt her courage oozing out of her fingers.

"If she dies, I hope Jake Rattray dies too," she said at last passionately. "It will be too wicked—too cruel if one of them has got to live on and know what happiness has been lost."

Henry March stared.

"I am afraid I don't understand in the least," he began blankly.

Elsa was too angry to explain lucidly. "They ought to have been engaged," she broke out. "The men here have only people weren't so narrow-minded and quixotic.... Oh, I don't mean that—but I'm so worried and unhappy I hardly know what I am saying."

"You'd better come along and have a cup of tea," Henry March said, in a more kindly way.

They lingered over the tea-table as long as possible, and went back to the home again.

"We were hoping you would come," the sister told them. She looked at Henry March. "Won't you come in?"

The nurse led her to a little sitting-room where a big jug of daffodils stood in a sunlit window, and a canary twittered and sang as if there were no such things as death and sorrow in the world.

"She is losing strength fast—they are afraid she cannot last through the night."

The grave words were followed by a profound silence, save for the maddening joyous singing of the canary. Then Henry March said heavily: "I have done my best." He looked appealingly at Elsa.

Elsa seemed unconscious of his presence. She was sneaking eagerly to the sister.

"Will you let me see her? Just for five minutes? I won't worry her. Oh, I promise you that I won't; but I think—I am sure, that it anyway, I can save her. I can!"

The sister took her head.

"It would be most dangerous—and if you are near relative—"

Elsa broke in again. "She has no one nobody but Mr. March, that is—" She glanced towards him impatiently. "Tell her that you wish me to go," she ordered him angrily. "You say, you don't want her to die! Very well, then, say that it is your wish that I may see her."

Henry March shrugged his shoulders. He could not shrug them such a responsibility, he declared. What would his husband say to him if anything happened?

"Nothing will happen," she answered impatiently. "I am not afraid, if that is what you mean, and people don't catch things if they are not afraid—"

She turned again to the sister.

"Oh, I beg of you—beg of you...." she implored.

There was a little silence. "I don't think it will be allowed—but... I will go and speak to the doctor."

She went away, and Elsa began pacing up and down the room in a fever of excitement.

It seemed an eternity before the sister returned, followed by the doctor. He was a worried-looking little man, with kindly eyes that searched Elsa's face critically as she poured out her story.

"It's the only hope, I know—and perhaps it means someone else's life, as well as hers. There is a man—she cares for him—he is very ill, too—in France—but there is hope of his recovery if only we can tell him that Miss Lorrimmer is out-of-danger."

She saw the wavering in the man's face, and for a moment held her breath as she waited for him to speak. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"I can take no responsibility," he said. "There is a grave danger for you. Miss Lorrimmer is seriously ill, as you know—but, her worst enemy would be a smile—if you think you can do what I cannot...."

A moment later Elsa was following him along the passage to the room where Ursula lay.

The room was in shadow, and the air was heavy with the pungent smell of drugs. Such a bare room it was, carpetless, curtainless—furnished with just the merest necessities.

The doctor had followed her into the room, and she drew a chair for her beside the bed.

"I am afraid she will not know you," he said.

He waited for a moment, then went away, closing the door behind him, and for an instant Elsa's courage failed her as she looked at the changed face on the pillow.

"So thin, so white!" With the pretty brown hair cut short, for a moment she hardly recognised Ursula.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

By RUBY
M. AYRES

She was breathing in short, quick-gasps, as if it were breath-holding, and the hands lying beside the quilt looked limp and almost lifeless.

Elsa bent down, touching her gently. "Ursula," she said softly, and then again, "Ursula...."

The thin lids were lifted slowly, and for a moment the brown eyes looked blankly, unrecognisingly, into Elsa's, then the faintest ghost of a smile trembled on her lips.

Elsa took her hand. Like a child's hand it felt, she thought with a pang, and there was no response in the slim fingers.

"Try and listen to what I am saying, Ursula. Try with all your might to listen, because it's something you must hear. It's a message from Jake."

She waited. The brown eyes were still looking into hers, but their faintly puzzled expression had not changed at all.

Elsa went on tremulously: "You remember Jake—Jake Rattray? He loved you, you know—or didn't you know? and he went away because he knew he still got because he thought he had no right to stay...."

"She repeated the words twice over slowly, as if trying to force them on the girl's wandering attention. "He went away because he loved you, and because he knew that he was ill. He thought he had no right to stay.... It was all a misunderstanding. He loved you all the time...."

She held her breath, waiting for some sign of understanding.

Then big tears welled slowly into Ursula's brown eyes and trickled to her cheeks. She moved her head from side to side on the pillow, as if in weary denial.

Elsa bent closer. "Ursula, I am your friend, dear. I wouldn't tell you what was not true. I am telling you this because you have got to live, for Jake's sake. You have got to give him a chance to see you again and tell you himself that it has all been a tragic mistake."

She drew a quick breath, and then went on hurriedly, as if ashamed of her own daring: "He is ill—he was home now. Ursula, I am here to wait for him—you must—you must!"

And all the time there was a wild despair in her heart for fear of what might have happened in France.

Supposing Ursula lived and Jake died! She could not face the thought, and in an anguish she burst out: "Ursula! Try to speak to me. Try to say that you understand. It's true, my dearest everything that I have told you. Jake loves you—and he is coming back. Oh, Ursula, can't you understand?"

The slim fingers in hers moved with the weakest pressure, and she saw the pale lips move to form the one little word that mattered.

"Yes...."

Her own strength seemed to fail then. The darkened room seemed to swirl about her like a bottomless pit of night, and when next she was conscious of anything, she was back in the sunny sitting-room with the daffodils and the canary, and Henry March was bending over her with anxious eyes.

"Better, my dear?" She would not have believed his voice could be so kind. "There! There! Don't cry!" For she had broken into a wild fit of sobbing.

He made her drink something and half killed her with smelling salts till her tears were checked in a frantic effort to recover her breath. She turned on him angrily. "You nearly suffocated me!"

"Well, as long as you feel better," he submitted thankfully.

Elsa tried to laugh, and then the tears came again, and for some minutes she cried helplessly, till the doctor came into the room. He took her hand and held it gently.

"If you're married, don't die," he said, "she will own her life to you."

"What did you say to her, Mrs. Spicer?" Henry March asked when presently they were driving away together.

He was consumed with curiosity to know what had happened between this girl and his niece.

Elsa laughed broken-heartedly. "I told her a lie," she said fiercely. "I told her that I knew Jake Rattray lived, and that he was coming home. She was wrong in her hands.... And it isn't true that he's coming home, I mean, and I don't even know that he really cares. It's only... only what I think. Oh, what shall I do?"

What shall I do?"

Henry March did not know what to say, but he was vaguely conscious of her distress and a desire to help her. After a moment he laid his hand awkwardly on hers.

"Never mind—your poor best," he said.

"Whatever happens, it will be Ursula who has to suffer," she told herself despairingly.

Henry March had promised to call at the nursing home again that evening and let her know any further news. She hardly knew how to wait in patience till he came. When she heard his knock she flew to the door and almost dragged him in, in her eagerness.

"It's all right well—what do they say? How is she?"

Henry March beamed. In the last half-hour a heavy load had been lifted from his own shoulders.

"The doctor says she has turned the corner," he told her. "He says that there is every hope in the world for her now. And it's entirely due to you, my dear—entirely."

But Elsa did not smile. She was wondering how long she had got to be nailed to the lie she had told; how soon Ursula would find out she had been deceived.

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The slim fingers in hers moved with the weakest pressure, and she saw the pale lips move to form the one little word that mattered.

"Yes...."

Her own strength seemed to fail then. The darkened room seemed to swirl about her like a bottomless pit of night, and when next she was conscious of anything, she was back in the sunny sitting-room with the daffodils and the canary, and Henry March was bending over her with anxious eyes.

"Better, my dear?" She would not have believed his voice could be so kind. "There! There! Don't cry!" For she had broken into a wild fit of sobbing.

He made her drink something and half killed her with smelling salts till her tears were checked in a frantic effort to recover her breath. She turned on him angrily. "You nearly suffocated me!"

"Well, as long as you feel better," he submitted thankfully.

Elsa tried to laugh, and then the tears came again, and for some minutes she cried helplessly, till the doctor came into the room. He took her hand and held it gently.

"If you're married, don't die," he said.

"Whatever happens, it will be Ursula who has to suffer," she told herself despairingly.

Henry March had promised to call at the nursing home again that evening and let her know any further news. She hardly knew how to wait in patience till he came. When she heard his knock she flew to the door and almost dragged him in, in her eagerness.

"It's all right well—what do they say? How is she?"

Henry March beamed. In the last half-hour a heavy load had been lifted from his own shoulders.

"The doctor says she has turned the corner," he told her. "He says that there is every hope in the world for her now. And it's entirely due to you, my dear—entirely."

But Elsa did not smile. She was wondering how long she had got to be nailed to the lie she had told; how soon Ursula would find out she had been deceived.

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"NOT GUILTY": DE VEULLE FREE.

Miss Fay Compton.



De Veulle arriving at the court.

De Veulle, who was charged with the manslaughter of Billie Carleton, the actress, was acquitted yesterday. Miss Fay Compton gave evidence.



U.S.A.'s FALLEN HEROES.—American soldiers arriving at Westminster Abbey yesterday for the service held in memory of their comrades who were killed in action. Inset the American Ambassador and Mrs. Davis, who were present.



RETURNING THANKS.—Pte. H. Walker, who received the M.M. from his old schoolmaster at Haggerston.



AT A CHARITY SALE.—The Duchess of Marlborough, L.C.C., at the sale of jewels in Regent-street.



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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.	
ADELPHI. W. H. BRIDGE. "THE BOY."	To-day, 2 and 3. Mats, Tues. and Sat. at 2.15.
AMBASSADORS. 2.45 and 3.20. LED WHITFIELD in new song show "US" Every Mng. Mats, Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.45.	Mon. 2.45. Tues. 3.20. Wed. 2.45.
APOLLO. Gertie O'ROURKE and Harry Lauder. Tues. 2.45. Wed. 3.20. OH JOH! A new Musical Play.	Thurs. 2.45. Fri. 3.20. Sat. 2.45.
BEECHAM OPERA SEASON. Drury Lane.—To-day, 2. "Il Trovatore." To-night, 3.20. Saturday, 2.15. "TOSCA."	Mon. 2.45. Tues. 3.20. Wed. 2.45.
COMEDY. Ernesto. 2.15. "TAILS UP."	A Musical Entertainment. Matinees, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.0. Sheridan's Court—Nightly, at 7.45. Mat. Weds. 2.15. "Sheridan's Court" and "The Merchant of Venice." Mats. 2.15.
COURT. Nightly, at 7.45. Mat. Weds. 2.15. "Sheridan's Court" and "The Merchant of Venice." Mats. 2.15.	MONTE CARLO. 2.45. "OUR MR. HEPPEL WHITE." Mary Moore, Mr. Winter, Mr. Th. S. 2.30.
CRITERION. 2.30 and 3.20. "OUR MR. HEPPEL WHITE." Mary Moore, Mr. Winter, Mr. Th. S. 2.30.	TUESDAY. 2.45. "THE MAN OF THE WORLD."
DALY'S. 2.45 and 3.20. "THE MAN OF THE WORLD."	WEDNESDAY. 2.45. "THE CHINESE PEARL."
DUKE OF YORK'S. 2.30 and 3.20. THE MAN FROM TONIGHT. José Collins and Full Cast. Tues. and Sat. at 2.	THURSDAY. 2.45. "SWEETHEART."
GARRICK. 2. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. C. R. COOKE. The Irishman. 2.15. "THE CHINESE PEARL."	FRIDAY. 2.45. "SWEETHEART."
GARRICK. 2. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. C. R. COOKE. Robert Loraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.	SATURDAY. 2.45. "THE CHINESE PEARL."
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	WEDNESDAY. 2.45. "THE CHINESE PEARL."
	THURSDAY. 2.4

45 MORE BEAUTY PRIZEWINNERS

Pretty Girls Who Receive Cheques for £10 and £5.

SUCCESES IN COUNTRY.

All Parts of United Kingdom Represented in Our Competition.

The names and addresses of the four principal prizewinners of *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition are announced elsewhere.

The twenty awards of £10 each and the twenty-five of £5 have been allotted to the following winners, it will be noted, coming from all parts of the United Kingdom:

5—MISS DOROTHY EASTON, Norwood, London. Age 23. Was clerk at the Air Ministry.

6—MISS WINIFRED WILSON, Hatherage, Derbyshire. Age 22. Canteen work at home and V.A.D. at 72nd General Hospital, B.E.F. For nearly a year. About to be demobilised.

7—MISS E. HARRISON, Swindon. Age 19. Took place of her father in office work.

8—MISS PRYLLE JONES, Pontypool, Monmouthshire. Age 20. Worked in war service. Now driving an ambulance car.

9—MISS DORIS A. PEARCE, Croydon. Age 21. Trained in Government-controlled estab-

lishments.

10—MISS ALEXANDRA SHRUBB, Christchurch, Hants. V.A.D. at Christchurch Hospital, 1st Western General Hospital, Lady Mabel and Lady Portal's Hospital, Winchester.

11—MISS FAY FORRESTER, Belfast, Ireland. Age 17. Worked in munition factory.

BELFAST GIRL'S SUCCESS.

12—MISS MARY PARRY, Bradford. Age 20. Inspector in munition factory.

13—MISS L. NOEL OWEN, Cardiff. Canteen worker and clerk in local Food Office.

14—MISS GLADYS RANICAR, Wigton. Age 22. Worked in munition factory.

15—MISS EVA HARVEY, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Age 19. Women's Legion and Army Service Corps.

16—MISS ERTRUDE HAYWARD, Lowestoft. Age 25. Formerly fifteen months on munitions. Now serving in W.R.N.S. as engineer's storekeeper.

17—MISS HILDA FRASER, Belfast and London. Age 23. Canteen work in London and Ireland.

18—MISS LUCY LINDGARD, Highbury, London. N. Age 24. Was clerk in South Kensington Post Office.

19—MISS DORIS STONE, Bayswater, London. Age 21. Head wages clerk in aircraft works.

20—MISS MARJORIE HOOPER, Maidstone. Age 20. Clerical work at Ministry of National Service.

21—MISS GLADYS BUXTON, Kensington, London, W. Age 21. Hospital work at Darrell Hospital, Queen Anne's Gate, W. Clerical work at Ministry of Munitions.

BRISTOL CLERK WINS £10.

22—MISS KATHLEEN COOK, Bristol. Age 21. Clerk at Admiralty.

23—MISS DOROTHY NEWTON, Brixton, London. Age 21. Three years' war service. Working at R.H. and R.F.A. Pay Office.

24—MISS MARGOT LAMPLUGH, Midhurst, Sussex. Age 17. Land worker.

25—MISS BERYL MURRAY, Denmark Hill, London, S.E. Age 18. Clerk at Air Ministry.

26—MISS I. M. G. RADCLIFFE, Victoria, London, S.W. Age 27. V.A.D. at Dartford Military Hospital and at Salisbury Plain. Later at Air Ministry and American Headquarters in London.

27—MISS C. TATHAM, Farnham. Age 24. Clerk at Admiralty. Two years' war nursing six months at Metropole Hospital.

28—MISS EDNA SMITH, Bromley-by-Bow, London, N.W. Age 17. A schoolgirl war worker. While at school helped regularly in munitions and food factories.

29—MISS VIOLET FEFFERIES, Epping, Essex. Age 25. Farm work and helping Remount Depot for two and half years.

30—MISS GLADYS M. MANN, Wondsworth, London, S.W. Age 23. Worked at Ministry of Munitions.

31—MISS SYBIL SANT, Cardiff. Age 24. Three years a bank clerk.

WATCH THE SCREEN.

Lantern slides of the winner of *The Daily Mirror's* First Beauty Prize of £500 will show this evening at leading variety theatres and cinemas in London and the provinces, while on Monday the winner will be seen on the film in Pathé's Animated Gazette.

32—MISS MERLE HUMPHREYS, Llandudno. Nurse with the V.A.D., No. 12, Carnarvonshire.

33—MISS ATHALIE DAVIES, Hampstead, London, N.W. Age 18. Sang and entertained at 150 concerts and soldiers camps, etc., in London and provinces.

34—MISS MOLLY SULLIVAN, Battersea, London, S.W. Age 21. Painter.

35—MISS GWENDOLEN PAGE, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Age 20. Nurse with V.A.D. First Northern General Hospital, Newcastle.

36—MISS CHATTIE McDOWELL, Belfast, Ireland. Age 23. V.A.D. cook at Ulster University Hospital, Belfast.

37—MISS ERICIE LEST, Ilford, Essex. Work at War and Army Canteen Board.

38—MISS BARBARA D. ROBERTS, Earl's Court, London, S.W. Age 16. A school girl prize-winner, who worked for many war charities, reciting and singing at concerts for wounded.

WINNER FROM WALES.

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39—MISS SHEILA DONOVAN, Kensington, London, W. Age 17. Clerk at the Air Ministry.

40—MISS BETTY COCHRAN CARR, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Clerk in Ministry of State Department in military hospital.

41—MISS IVY MOSS, Leeds. Serving in Q.M.A.C.C. and A.S.C.

42—MISS BETTY SIMS, Bedford Park, London, W. Age 17. Clerk at Ministry of Munitions.

43—MISS PHYLLIS DONALDSON, Glasgow. Age 21. Examiner in Munitions Inspection Department, including danger buildings.

44—MISS P. KING, Grasmere, Lancs. Age 21. On munition work.

45—CORPORAL MABEL HALL, Wimbledon, London, S.W. Age 19. W.A.A.C., attached Queen's Own Royal Rifles.

46—MISS MARY LEE, London, W. Driver Red Cross car for four years.

47—MISS MARJORIE E. HALFORD, London, W. Age 24. Carteuse and laundry worker.

48—MISS GWENDOLEN ELIS, London, W. Herts. Age 21. Telephone operator at a local office of Ministry of Pensions.

49—MISS DOROTHY CLEWS, Hockley Heath, Birmingham. On munition work.

50—MISS MARY PARTRIDGE, London, W. Additional photographs of Miss Sabbage will be found in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

FOR A BLINDED HEROINE.

The Daily Mirror has decided to award a consolation prize of £10 to a blinded heroine who entered for the competition.

She is Miss A. M. Peters, a pretty munition worker of Brighton, aged twenty-two, who was totally blinded while engaged in her work for the country. She was decorated with the O.B.E. by the King in recognition of her great sacrifice.

The full story and photograph of this heroine will appear in *The Daily Mirror* at an early date.

'NO RIGHT TO MARRY?'

Doctor Suggests 3 Years' Probation with Clean Bills of Health.

JUDGE AND WORD "NAUGHTY."

The hearing of the action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Mabel Beatrice Porter, Castelnau, Barnes, against Mr. Gerald Osmond Barnard, Machen, near Newport (Mon.), was continued in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Defendant admitted the promise and the breach, and pleaded that he broke off the engagement because he found the plaintiff was suffering from tuberculosis.

Mr. A. J. Wallington and Mr. A. E. Wort appeared for plaintiff, and Mr. Davenport for defendant.

Mr. Brian C. Stevens, assistant tuberculosis officer for the county of Surrey, and medical superintendent of Barnes Isolation Hospital, said in November 1915, he treated plaintiff, and had her under observation till April, 1916. It was a shoulder case, but in April active signs manifested themselves, and he recommended her to go to the sanatorium.

Mr. Davenport: Would it be right for such a young woman to marry in the autumn of last year?

Witness: From a eugenic point of view I would not recommend her to marry without putting her under a considerable period of probation.

For a young person to marry in such state he should make the minimum period three years, with clean bills of health for the whole time. Every day there were instances of husbands infecting wives and wives husbands.

Mr. Wallington (cross-examining): Would you not say this young lady was no worse than many hundreds of thousands of women who had married and brought up a large number of children?

Witness replied that it would be found that in many cases they broke down at some period of their lives.

In reply to the Judge, Dr. Stevens added that plaintiff was in as good a condition, he must admit, as many hundreds of thousands of men and women who got married.

In cross-examination, defendant had a letter read to him, written by the plaintiff, which ended "Lots of love from my duty," Mabs. Counsel suggested there was a special meaning to the word "naughty" in this case.

His Lordship: The word may mean a number of other things besides improper conduct.

Mr. Davenport: No, it is pretty often heard in the nursery.

A KISSING CONTEST.

Coloured Man Who Alleges Wife Kissed Male Friends.

The hearing of the petition of Mrs. Agnes Violet Harry for a divorce on the ground of the alleged cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Norman A. Harry, was continued in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. H. H. Vachell, counsel for the petitioner.

He said it was true he took a young girl with him and they stayed at the same hotel on two occasions, but nothing wrong happened.

Witness admitted he wrote this girl as "My dear little bird."

His Lordship: Was she to you a heavenly angel?

Witness: I certainly thought so at the time owing to the way I was treated at home. My wife knew of all the girls I went out with, he added.

Used you to tell your wife when you went out with one of these girls?—Yes, and sometimes she was indifferent.

There was another girl called Vera?—Yes.

Did you kiss her?—No.

His Lordship: None of them seemed to have kissed you. You kissed them?—Yes.

Witness thought he was justified in his conduct, as his wife, he said, had male friends whom she kissed.

Miss Lilian Ballard said she accompanied Mr. Harry to Littlehampton and Godstone, and he died there as "My dear little bird."

Mr. Vachell: What is there bird-like about you?

I am sure I don't know.

NEWS ITEMS.

"Public Defender."—Mr. Bottomley will next week introduce a Bill to establish a Public Defender.

Absent Jurors.—Five jurors who failed to attend the King's Bench Division yesterday were fined £5 each.

Egg Collecting Record.—Cuxton, a little village near Rochester, collected 15,500 eggs for wounded soldiers.

Shorter Museum Hours.—As from to-morrow, the Victoria and Albert Museum will be opened on Sundays at 2.30 instead of 2 p.m.

First Increase in Twenty Years.—Starting twenty years ago at a yearly salary of £25, the medical officer of Kempston (Beds.) has now received his first increase—to £33.

Richmond Cakes.—The famous Richmond "Maides of Honour," a favourite pastry for nearly 400 years, and which has been suspended during the war, will be again on sale on the 14th inst.



While Youth is
on your side
—protect your
complexion

Youth is always beautiful
—age rarely so. But by
daily using *Nidle*, a
girl can protect her com-
plexion from its permanent
enemies—wind, dust, sun,
rain—and thus retain her
beauty and freshness far
longer than usual.

Poudre *Nidle* keeps the skin always
in a condition of youth and charm
—smooth, soft and wrinkle-free.
It prevents waste,
guarantees clean-
liness, and en-
sures the even-
ness of complexion
so much
admired.

Each box contains a puff.
Small size (for the handbag) 1/-
Large size 3/-

Nidle, 8, Blenheim St.,
London, W.1.

LADIES, DON'T MISS THIS!

THE FINEST SILK VALUE IN THE WORLD.
Offering this week 100 pieces of fine quality
CHINESE SHANTUNG, a very beautiful article and
greatly superior to the ordinary Chinese Shantung. It
is heavier and more perfect in texture.

It is 3ins. wide. At per yard 4/-
Also in some charming fancy patterned effects, for
ladies' blouses, etc. At per yard 5/-

200 pieces of **JAPANESE WASHING SILK** in natural
Ivory silk, a thoroughly good and dependable
quality. 26ins. wide. At per yard 3/-

Also in colours at 3/1 per yard.
And 50 pieces of **Japanese Crepe de Chine** in a beautiful range of patterns.
At per yard 6/1

Write *Today* for full range of *Patens*
and *Shantung* Cloth Free in reply.
CHINA SIUK CO., 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Humber CYCLES

HUMBER Cyclists frequently write to us about mounts they have ridden for twenty years and more. Why is this? Because the **HUMBER** is the better cycle: built to ensure long life. But this better **HUMBER** cycle costs no more than any other make.

The **HUMBER** Agent in your town has full particulars. If you are wanting a Cycle for the coming season consult him now.

HUMBER, LIMITED.

Head Office and Works: COVENTRY.
LONDON: 1, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.
SOUTHAMPTON: 257, London Road.
A.G.N.'S ETRYWYTHE.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 16.

PLAYHOUSE. At 2.30 and 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Gladys Cooper. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. "THE HOUSE OF PLEASURE." Evening. 8.15. Mat. 9.15. "MESS." Musical Farce. Mats, Wed. Fri. Sat. at 2.30.

QUEENS. Evenings. At 8.15. "THE HOUSE OF PLEASURE." Evening. 8.15. Mat. 9.15. "CESAR'S WIFE." By W. Maugham. Comp. C. A. Smith. Eve. Mrs. Moore. Sat. 2.30 and 8.15. Matines, Wed. Sat. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Evening. 8.15. Matines, Wed. Sat. 2.30 and 8.15. Matines, Wed. Sat. at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evening. 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. "SLEEPING PARTNER." By Samuel H. French. Matines, Wed. Sat. 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evening. 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." Evening. 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SCALA. MATHEW L. LILLY. "THE PUPPET-MASSE." Evening. 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SHAFTEBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year). Evenings. 8. Matines, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. At 8.15. Nicols Keys in "THE BIG BIZZ." Evening. 8.15. Mat. 9.15. Sat. 2.30.

WYNTHAM'S. "THE LAW DIVINE." A Comedy by H. V. Elmhurst. 8.30 and 9.15. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

ALLIED. 8.30 and 9.15. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. 8.30 and 9.15. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

HIPPODROME. 2.45 and 5.45. "JOY-DE-BELLS!" Evening. 8.15. Matines, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SHIRLEY KELLOGG. "GIFTED HORSE," etc. 8.30. Mat. 9.15. Tues. Sat. 2.30.

THEATRE ALHAMBRA. 8.30 and 9.15. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

AMERICA. Elsie Janis, Maurice Chevalier, Billy Merson. 8.30 and 9.15. Tues. Sat. 2.30.

PALLADIUM. 2.30, 6. 8.45. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

ADMIRALITY. 8.30 and 9.15. Tues. Sat. 2.30.

PHARMACONOMIC HALL. 8.30. "WILD CAPE SCOTTY IN THE ANTARCTIC." 8.30-8.45.

GRANGE. "THE JAILER." 8.30-8.45.

GRANGE. "THE PUBLIC DEFENDER." 8.30-8.45.

NEW GALLERY. "THE PUBLIC DEFENDER." 8.30-8.45.

QUEEN (Small Hall). Tues. Sat. 2.30-8.30. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. 6.30.

QUEEN (Large Hall). Tues. Sat. 2.30-8.30. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. 6.30.

QUEEN (Small Hall). Tues. Sat. 2.30-8.30. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. Evening Dances. 6 p.m. 6.30.

AWARDED THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES: THE WINNER OF OUR FIRST CONTEST.



Miss Sybil Wise, winner of the third prize, value £50. She, too, is a London girl, and lives at Forest Hill.



P20555
Another studio portrait of Miss Wise.



A photograph of Miss Wise which shows how pretty she was as a child. She gave every promise of being beautiful.



Miss G. Cecil Stock, winner of the fourth prize, value £25. She is the only entrant from the provinces among the first four.



Miss Ivy Close, who won the first Daily Mirror Beauty Competition.



The judges examining the photographs of "probable" prizewinners.



Miss Wise waiting on soldiers at the canteen of the Eagle Hut.



Another portrait of Miss Stock, showing her in profile with her long hair loose.

GREAT CROWDS AT AYR AND WINDSOR.

Killigray Just Wins Three-Year Old Handicap.

BOUVIER'S SELECTIONS.

We are becoming accustomed to huge racing crowds these days, and with the weather delightfully fine it was not surprising to find a big attendance for the opening of the Windsor meeting yesterday. The programme worked out very well, and the racing was certainly better than anything seen earlier in the week.

Well-backed horses won a majority of the races, although there always the actual favorite. Diamond, badly backed at Lincoln, was a conspicuous absentee from the Three-Year-Old Handicap, the principal prize of the afternoon, and a capital finish ended in Killigray beating the slightly better fancied Happy Man by a neck.

With no Lacross in the field, Ravensmead had a soft task in the Bray Plate, and Godfrey's cow won a canter from thirteen opponents. In the Flying Dutchman Cup the efforts to complete the course after a false start and several others went quite a long way. In the actual race nothing had a chance against Wallpole, who finished twelve lengths in front of Varche.

Cydonia looked a good thing for the Flying Handicap on the strength of his Lincoln form, but met one too good for him in Pretty Girl, who gained throughout a comfortable ride.

Big crowds witnessed the opening of the Scottish season at Ayr, and although fields were on the small side there was plenty of interest in the racing.

To-day's programme will certainly furnish interesting sport. The Castle Handicap of a mile and a quarter is the most valuable race, and probably will be given another chance. I expect Trivet, which finished in front of Mrs. Jawleyford on the Carlisle, to beat him. At Ayr the form of those engaged is very moderate all round. Selections:-

WINDSOR.	AYR.
2.0-LIKE MAGIC.	2.0-SKOOKUM JOE.
2.30-PICKNY.	2.30-ADY SV'LVA.
3.0-LOVY.	3.0-ANNA.
3.30-LODY VIO'A G.	3.30-MINSTREL JOY.
4.0-PRETTY MISSIE.	4.0-ARMSTRONG'S BEST.
4.30-MUSCAVITE.	4.30-WAVY STRIPE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*TRIVET AND PRETTY MISSIE.

BOUVIER.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

WINDSOR.

2.0-BRAY T-Y-O PLATE.	51.-RAVENSMED (74).
2.30-1.	WICK (20.-Smyley, 2).
2.30-2.	BEPPA STOOL (20.).
2.30-3.	GRIGG (10.-P. Smith).
2.30-4.	RODINGS (10.-J. Tarrie).
2.30-5.	ALEXANDER (10.-H. Mossa).
2.30-6.	ROXANA (Miss Peggy and Victory Speech). Three; four; four.
2.30-7.	HOT-PORT HCP.
2.30-8.	61.-WARPOL (101-Smyley).
2.30-9.	VARECH (10.-K. Pigott).
2.30-10.	GUINPURE (101-Smyley).
2.30-11.	HARVEY (101-Smyley).
2.30-12.	THREE-YEAR-OLD HCAP.
2.30-13.	101.-HAPPY MAN (75-1).
2.30-14.	ATROPHY (61.-Leader).
2.30-15.	All ran: Home Fire and Terachia (Nocky); Four (Hartigan).
3.0-1.	MONTY (Mr. J. Smith).
3.0-2.	SHAKO (72.-Child).
3.0-3.	HO HO (52.-Caroline).
3.0-4.	SAFARI (41.-Satapata).
3.0-5.	100000 (101-Smyley).
4.0-FLYING HANDICAP.	51.-PRETTY GIRL (101-Smyley).
4.0-1.	SHON MACLEAN (114.-Martin).
4.0-2.	CLIFFORD (101-Smyley).
4.0-3.	Green Fruit (101-Smyley).
4.0-4.	Lady Alice and June Bridle.
4.0-5.	Two; Head (Hobbs).
4.30-1.	MILL END PLATE.
4.30-2.	101.-SISTER (67-Green).
4.30-3.	MONTEZUMA (61.-Leader).
4.30-4.	101.-LADY COEUR (101-Leader).
4.30-5.	Monty (61.-Leader).
4.30-6.	Alone (101-E. Morrison).

AYR.

2.0-CARRICK S. HCAP. 102 sovs; 1m.	Private 6 8 11.
2.30-1.	Dougal (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-2.	McGinn (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-3.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-4.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-5.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-6.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-7.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-9.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-11.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-12.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-15.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-16.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-17.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-18.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-19.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-20.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-24.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-31.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
2.30-32.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-34.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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2.30-36.	Woolly (Mr. J. McSmith).
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TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

WINDSOR.

2.0-SPEEDY T-Y-O PLATE, 200 sovs; 51.

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Daily Mirror

Saturday, April 5, 1919.

AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE



Miss Fay Compton as Violet and Mr. Aubrey Smith as Sir Arthur Little, in Mr. Somersett Maugham's serious comedy at the Royalty Theatre.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

P4288

WOMAN WHIP.

P16306



Miss Hamilton at a meet of the Aron Vale Foxhounds in the market-place at Chippenham.

P20524



GENERAL'S FIANCEE. Miss Irene Paton, of California, the girl who is engaged to General U.S.A., George A. Clegg, awaiting his return for the marriage.



BLIND CANDIDATE. Miss Ruth Venes, who is standing by the St. Vincent Board of Guardians. She lost her sight ten years ago. Polling takes place to-day.



THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD. A cutting and pricking machine used in the making of matzors—bread containing only flour and water and no yeast. It is for the Passover, which commemorates the freedom from bondage in Egypt of the Israelites.

EXMOUTH HOSPITAL CLOSED.



Nurse Chichester receives the flag from Sergeant Cocker, M.M.

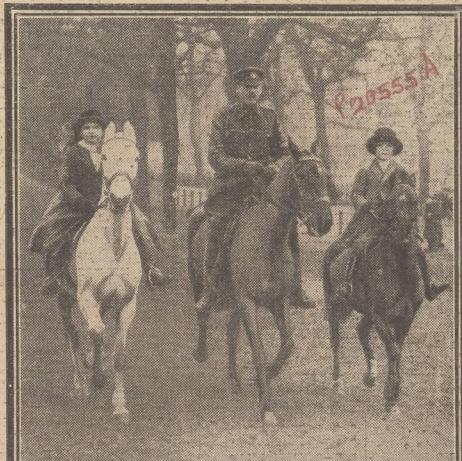


The scene at the station. The staff sees the men off. More than 1,600 officers and men were treated at the V.A.D. hospital at Exmouth, which has been demolished. Sergeant Cocker handed over the flag which has flown above the building since the opening.

914902



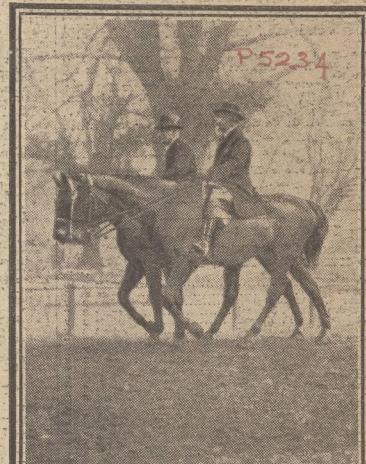
Members of the Q.M.A.A.C., who are awaiting draft, going to take a stroll.



Miss Turner and Master George Stuart Chatterton.

HYDE PARK CROWDED. Deserted during the long spell of wet weather, Hyde Park is itself again, and many well-known people, including Mr. Speaker, have been for gallops in Rotten Row.

P5234



The Speaker (nearest camera) riding in the Row.